

**FOR EVERY FAMILY  
MEDICINE CHEST**

To the head of every family the health of its different members is most important, and the value of an agreeable laxative that is certain in its effect is appreciated. One of the most popular remedies in the family medicine chest is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is known to druggists and physicians as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This preparation is mild and gentle in its action on the bowels, yet positive in its effect. A dose of Syrup Pepsin at night means relief next morning, while its tonic properties tone up and strengthen the muscles of stomach, liver and bowels so that these organs are able in a short time to again perform their natural functions without help.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried this simple, inexpensive, yet effective remedy, write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and ask for a sample bottle. Dr. Caldwell will be glad to send it without any expense to you whatever.

**WHAT HE WAS DOING.**



"Did you fall, my son?"  
"Naw! 'Course I didn't! I'm jest takin' a mud bath by me doctor's orders!"

**LAWYER CURED OF ECZEMA**

"While attending school at Lebanon, Ohio, in 1882, I became afflicted with boils, which lasted for about two years, when the affliction assumed the form of an eczema on my face, the lower part of my face being inflamed most of the time. There would be water-blister rise up and open, and wherever the water would touch it would burn, and cause another one to rise. After the blister would open, the place would scab over, and would burn and itch so as to be almost unbearable at times. In this way the sores would spread from one place to another, back and forth over the whole of my upper lip and chin, and at times the whole lower part of my face would be a solid sore. This condition continued for four or five years, without getting any better, and in fact got worse all the time, so much so that my wife became alarmed lest it prove fatal.

"During all this time of boils and eczema, I doctored with the best physicians of this part of the country, but to no avail. Finally I decided to try Cuticura Remedies, which I did, taking the Cuticura Resolvent, applying the Cuticura Ointment to the sores, and using the Cuticura Soap for washing. In a very short time I began to notice improvement, and continued to use the Cuticura Remedies until I was well again, and have not had a recurrence of the trouble since, which is over twenty years. I have recommended Cuticura Remedies to others ever since, and have great faith in them as remedies for skin diseases." (Signed) A. C. Brandon, Attorney-at-Law, Greenville, O., Jan. 17, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Many a girl fails to select the right husband because she is afraid of being left.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"**  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Love may not make the world go round, but it seems to make a lot of people giddy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A mirror often prevents a woman from getting lonesome.

**Your Liver Is Clogged Up**

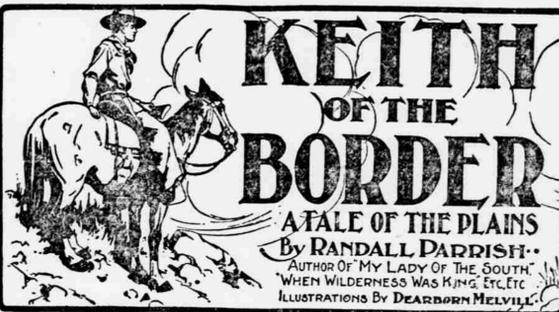
That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Warranted*

**PISO'S REMEDY**  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
**FOR COUGHS AND COLDS**



**SYNOPSIS.**

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victim's papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady, Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbairn. Keith meets the brother of Hope, Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith fails to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**Miss Hope Suggests.**

No sooner had Miss Maclaire vanished than Keith's thoughts turned toward Hope Waite. She would need someone in her loneliness to take her mind from off her brother's death, and besides, much had occurred of interest since the funeral, which he desired to talk over with her. Beyond even these considerations he was becoming aware of a pleasure in the girl's company altogether foreign to this mystery which they were endeavoring together to solve. He yearned to be with her, to look into her face, to mark how clearly the differing soul changed her from Christie Maclaire. He could not help but like the latter, yet somehow was conscious of totally different atmospheres surrounding the two. With one he could be flippant, careless, even deceitful, but the other aroused only the best that was in him, her own sincerity making him sincere.

Yet there was reluctance in his steps as he approached the door of "15," a laggardness he could not explain, but which vanished swiftly enough at Hope's greeting, and the sudden smile with which she recognized him.

"I was sure you would come," she declared frankly, "and I took an early lunch so as to be certain and be here. It has seemed a long time since."

"And you might have even thought I had forgotten," he answered, releasing her hand reluctantly. "If you could have looked into the dining-room since, instead of staring out of these windows."

"Why? How forgotten?" her eyes opening wide in surprise.

"I had the pleasure of taking supper with Miss Maclaire."

"Oh!" the exclamation decidedly expressive.

"Yes. I come at once to you with the confession. However, our meeting was purely accidental, and so I hope for pardon."

"Pardon from me? Why, what difference can it possibly make to me?"

"Would you have me consort with the enemy?" he asked, scarcely daring to press his deeper meaning.

"Oh, no, of course not. What did you talk about? Do you mind telling?"

"Not in the least; our conversation was entirely impersonal. She was telling me about Hawley; what a wonderfully good man he is. I have begun to suspect the fellow has fascinated the poor girl—he is a good looking devil, possessed of a tongue dripping with honey."

"Surely you do not mean she has fallen in love with him," and Hope shuddered at the thought. "Why—why that would be impossible for a good woman."

"Standards of morality are not always the same," he defended gravely. "Miss Maclaire's environment has been vastly different from yours, Hope. She is a variety hall singer; probably, from her own account, a waltz since childhood; and Hawley has come to her in the character of a friend appealing both to her interest and sympathy. I do not know she is in love with him, I merely suspect she may be; certainly she is ready to do battle on his behalf at the slightest opportunity. She believes in him, defends him, and resents the slightest insinuation directed against him. He even escorts her back and forth from her work."

"You know this?"

"I certainly do," and he laughed at the recollection. "Fairbairn met you coming out of the dining-room—you



"Don't You Think I Could Do It? Would It Be Unwomanly?"

know what a delightful, blunt, blundering fellow he is! Well, Miss Christie must have made an impression even on his bachelor heart, for he actually requested the privilege of escorting her to the Trocadero, and back to the hotel after the performance to-night—hinted at a lunch, the gay old dog, and pranced about like a stage-door Johnnie. It was a treat to watch her face when he blurted it all out, snapping his sentences as if he swung a whip-lash. She excused herself on the score of a previous engagement.

"But that was not necessarily with Hawley."

"I asked her directly, after the doctor had disappeared."

"You must have become very familiar," questioning once again in her voice.

"So Miss Maclaire evidently thought, judging from her manner. However she answered frankly enough, and even defiantly added the information that the gentleman had something to impart to her of the utmost importance, sarcastically asking me if I didn't wish I could be there and overhear. But sit down, Hope, until I tell you all that has occurred."

He went over the various events in detail, watching eagerly the expression upon her face as she listened intently, only occasionally interrupting with some pertinent inquiry. The light fell so that she sat partially in the shadow, where her eyes could not be read, yet he experienced no difficulty in comprehending the various moods with which she met his narrative, the color changing in her cheeks, her supple form bending toward him, or leaning backward in the chair, her fingers clasping or unclasping in nervous attention. He began with Neb's report, repeating, word by word, as nearly as he could recollect, what had passed between Hawley and her father. He paused to inquire if she had ever heard the name Bartlett, but her reply was merely a negative shake of the head. When he described their missing the train, she was, apparently, not convinced as to the General's departure upon it, although finally agreeing that, if he really believed the report that the man sought was elsewhere, it would be characteristic of him to accept the first means of getting there. "If he only knew I was here," she exclaimed wearily, "it might be so different, but, oh, we are all of us just groping in the dark."

Then Keith turned to his chance meeting with Miss Maclaire, and repeated carefully their conversation, dwelling particularly upon the few admissions which had slipped through her lips. These did not seem important to either, although they treasured them up and talked them over. Then, having exhausted the topic, silence fell between them, Keith asking the privilege of lighting a cigar. Hope, after watching him apply the match, thinking what a fine face he had, as the ruddy flame brought it forth with the clearness of a cameo, leaned back,

drawing aside the semblance to a lace curtain, and staring forth, without seeing, into the street.

Somehow, it was hard for her to truly realize the situation, and how closely it affected her. The swiftly passing events, the complication arising so suddenly, apparently out of nothing, left her feeling as though she must surely awake from a dream. She could not comprehend what it was all about; the names Bartlett and Phyllis had no clear meaning; they represented nothing but shadows; and this other woman—this music hall singer—what could there be in common between them? Yet there must be something—something of vital importance to her father—something which had already cost her brother's life. That was the one thing which made it seem an actuality—which brought it home to her as a rugged fact. But for that—and Keith—Keith sitting there before her—she would have doubted it all. And yet even Keith had come into her life so suddenly, so unexpectedly, as to leave her dazed and uncertain, that she extended her hand and touched him, as though to make sure of his actual presence.

"What is it, Hope?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," her voice breaking in a little sob. "It is so silly, but I was just wondering if you were real—everything seems so impossible. I cannot bring my mind to grasp the situation."

He did not smile, but only took the groping hand into both of his own.

"I think I understand, little girl."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Going Back to Paganism**

Orthodox Priests Claim That in Some Parts of Russia Churches Are Empty.

According to official statistics published by the ministry of the interior, large numbers of the peasantry in the governments of Perm, Uja and Viatka have fallen into a state of paganism, worshipping the ancient gods, Flor and Lavra. There are now 20,000 idolaters in Viatka, 4,000 in Perm and 11,000 in Uja.

Local officials say that the worship of Flor and Lavra had never totally disappeared from these districts, but assumed alarming proportions after the bad harvests of the past three years. The pagan priests who still lingered in remote districts carried on active propaganda among the peasantry, telling them that Flor and Lavra sent bad harvests as a sign of anger.

The consequence was that many thousands of peasants ceased to attend the churches, took to sacrificing

he said gravely. "You are totally unused to such life. Almost without a moment's warning you have been plunged into a maelstrom of adventure, and are all confused. It is different with me—since the first shot at Sumter my life has been one of action, and adventure has grown to be the stimulus I need, and upon which I thrive. But I assure you, pressing the soft hand warmly, "I am real."

"Of course I know that; it makes me glad to know it. If I could only do something myself, and not just sit here, it would all become real enough to me."

She rose suddenly to her feet, clasping her hands together, her face changing with new animation.

"Why couldn't I? I am sure I could. Oh, Mr. Keith, it has just come to me how I can help."

He looked at her questioningly, thinking of her beauty rather than of what she said.

"Do—do I really appear so much like—like that woman?" she asked anxiously.

"Very much, indeed, excepting for the slight difference in age."

"That would never be noticed in the dark, or a poor light. Am I the same height?"

"Practically, yes."

"And my voice?—could you distinguish me from her by my voice?"

"I might; yet probably not, unless my suspicions were aroused. What is it you are thinking about?"

She took a deep breath, standing now directly facing him in the light.

"Of playing Miss Maclaire to-night," she said quickly. "Of taking her place, and learning what it is of so much importance Hawley has to report. Don't you think it might be done?"

The sheer audacity of this unexpected proposal left him speechless. He arose to his feet, gripping the back of the chair, almost doubting if he could have heard aright, his eyes searching the girl's face which was glowing with excitement. Of course he could not permit of her exposure to such a risk; the scheme was impracticable, absurd. But was it? Did it not offer a fair chance of success? And was not the possible result worthy the risk assumed? He choked back the earlier words of protest unuttered, puzzled as to what he had best say. A quick-witted resourceful woman might accomplish all she proposed.

"It looks so simple," she broke in impulsively, moving nearer him.

"Don't you think I could do it? Would it be unwomanly?"

"The result, if accomplished, would abundantly justify the means, Hope," he acknowledged at last. "I was not hesitating on that account, but considering the risk you would incur."

"That would be so small—merely the short walk alone with him from the theater to the hotel," she pleaded.

"Once here it could make no difference if he did discover my identity, for there would be plenty of men near at hand to come to my defence. Oh, please say yes."

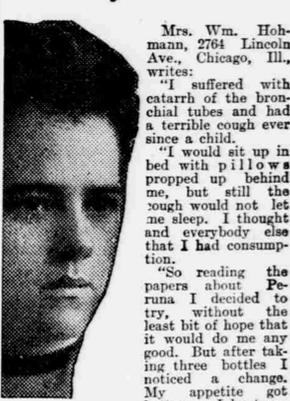
"If I do, then we must make the illusion perfect, and take as few chances of discovery as possible. I must learn exactly how the other dresses, and when she leaves the theater. Fortunately for the success of your plan the Trocadero permits no one but performers to come behind the scenes, so that Hawley will be compelled to wait for the lady outside the stage door. I had better go at once, and see to these details."

"Yes," she said, her eyes sparkling with anticipation, "and I am so glad you are willing. I will be most discreet. You are not sorry I made the proposal?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**HAD THROAT TROUBLE SINCE CHILDHOOD**

All Treatments Failed. Relieved by Peruna.



Mrs. Wm. Hohmann, 2764 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered with catarrh of the bronchial tubes and had a terrible cough ever since a child. I would sit up in bed with pillows propped up behind me, but still the cough would not let me sleep. I thought and everybody else thought that I had consumption. "So reading the papers about Peruna I decided to try, without the least bit of hope that it would do me any good. But after taking three bottles I noticed a change. My appetite got better, so I kept on. Mrs. Hohmann, never discouraged. Finally I seemed not to cough so much and the pains in my chest got better and I could rest at night. "I am well now and cured of a chronic cough and sore throat. I cannot tell you how grateful I am, and I cannot thank Peruna enough. It has cured where doctors have failed and I talk Peruna wherever I go, recommend it to everybody. People who think they have consumption better give it a trial."

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, THERAPION**  
Used in French GREAT SUCCESS, CURES PILES, KIDNEY, BLADDER DISEASES, CHRONIC ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS—EITHER SEX. Best address enclosing for FREE booklet to Dr. Le Gros, MED. CO., HAVESTOCK RD., HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

**THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**  
Quickly relieves every irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. Booklet free. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS CO., Troy, N. Y.

**HEIRS**  
wanted at once. \$2.00 (states seeking claimants). You may be one. Facts in booklet H. W. Send stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

**NO COMPLAINT.**



The Jay—By Heck! It'd certainly hurt a feller to fall off that 27-story building.

The Guide—Well, de last guy wot did it never complained none.

Among the Ancients. Democritus had just announced the theory that the visible universe is merely the result of the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

"Subject, of course," he said, "to the approval of Mr. Gompers."

For he did not wish to be drawn into a magazine controversy over it.

Feline. Lou—I would rather a man would call me a fool than a knave.

Sue—Of course. It's truth that hurts.—Toledo Blade.

Wealth may not bring a man happiness, but it surrounds him with a multitude of would-be friends.

From Our Ovens To Your Table

Untouched by human hands—

**Post Toasties**

—the aristocrat of Ready-to-Serve foods.

A table dainty, made of white Indian corn—presenting delicious flavour and wholesome nourishment in new and appetizing form.

The steadily increasing sale of this food speaks volumes in behalf of its excellence.

An order for a package of Post Toasties from your grocer will provide a treat for the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited Battle Creek, Michigan